

The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

MARGARET BUNKALL, French horn

assisted by

MICHAEL MASSEY, piano

Tuesday, March 11, 1980 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Concerto a tre in F Major for Recorder,

Horn, and Continuo (c.1720).Georg Philipp Telemann
Allegro moderato (1681-1767)

Loure

Tempo di Menuet

Maureen Crotty, flute
Rebecca Denson, violoncello
Michael Massey, harpsichord

Adagio and Allegro in A-flat Major, Op. 70 (1849) Robert Schumann
Langsam, mit innigem Ausdruck (1810-1856)
Rasch und feurig

Canticle III "Still Falls the Rain" for Tenor,

Horn and Piano, Op. 55 (1954). Benjamin Britten
(The Raids, 1940, Night and Dawn) (1913-1978)

Poem by Edith Sitwell

Tim Mallandaine, tenor

INTERMISSION

Horn Quintet in E-flat for Horn, Violin,

Two Violas, Violoncello, K. 407 (1782) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Allegro (1756-1791)

Andante

Rondo - Allegro

Robert Hryciw, violin
Neil Hughes and Andrew Bacon, violas
Rebecca Denson, violoncello

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Miss Bunkall.

Concerto a tre in F Major for Recorder, Horn, and Continuo (c.1720)
Georg Philipp Telemann (1681-1767)

The three movement, fast-slow-fast form is derived from the Italian overture. Because the hornists of the time had not developed valves, or even hand stopping, the melodic material of the wind parts is more limited than the contrapuntal basso continuo. The horn style is still influenced by hunting calls.

Adagio and Allegro in A-flat Major, Op. 40 (1849) - Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Schumann's original manuscript is entitled "Romanze und Allegro". Romanze, a story or narration, more adequately describes the character of the opening movement. The Allegro is in rondo form. The calmer middle section of the Allegro, in B Major, uses some material from the first movement.

This was Schumann's first composition for the new ventilhorn or three-valved horn. It is, therefore, highly chromatic, and covers a very large range of $3\frac{1}{2}$ octaves.

Canticle III "Still Falls the Rain", Op. 55 (1954) - Benjamin Britten (1913-1978)

The composition, on a poem by Edith Sitwell, is dedicated to Noel Newton-Wood. The horn and voice alternate variations throughout the piece, not joining forces until the final variation. It was premiered by Peter Pears, Benjamin Britten and Dennis Brain in Wigmore Hall in January 1955.

Horn Quintet in E-flat for Horn, Violin, Two Violas, and Violoncello (1782)
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

The quintet was composed in Vienna in 1782 for Ignaz Leutgeb, for whom Mozart also wrote his horn concertos. It is in the usual sonata form, but the horn writing is more virtuosic than the string parts which often assume an accompanying role.

Canticle III "Still Falls the Rain"

Still falls the Rain—

Dark as the world of man, black as our loss—
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain

With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the
hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb

Still falls the Rain

In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the human
brain

Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain

At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.

Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy on us—

On Dives and on Lazarus:

Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain—

Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side:
He bears in His Heart all wounds—those of the light that died,
The last faint spark

In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad uncomprehending
dark,

The wounds of the baited bear—

The blind and helpless bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh . . . the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain—

Then—O He leape up to my God: who pulls me doune—?—

See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament:

It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree

Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart

That holds the fires of the world—dark-smirched with pain

As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man

Was once achild who among beasts has lain—

'Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for thee.'

EDITH SITWELL